
May we as Mary, on this Easter morn,
Find in our souls God's grace new born;
May angels whisper as we near
His altar, "Christ awaits you here,
In love and mercy bearing
To all who seek from sin release;
Who, with His precious Food refreshed,
Go on their way through life all blessed."

Big Chief Thunderbolt.

By D. VINCENT.

I had two weeks ago the pleasure of a visit to St. Patrick's Mission, Anadarko. Having heard such wonderful tales about Big Chief Thunderbolt who directs this Indian mission, I deemed it a privilege to form a personal opinion of the masterful and original character whose fame has spread from the Far West to the Atlantic seaboard.

It was supper time when I reached St. Patrick's Mission. Big Chief Thunderbolt gave me a hearty, if somewhat clamorous, reception. He is a man of rare personality and would make a sensation if he appeared on the streets of our national capital. He is endowed with such a stentorian voice that his early morning ejaculations on St. Patrick's hill wake up the whole Anadarko population and serve as a bell on Sunday to call people to church within ten miles around the city.

His dress is of the negligee type, partaking of every fashion under the sun, from the woollen vest of the French countryman and the fur cap of the Siberian down to the military dolman that he stole at Fort Sill and the huge, monumental neck-tie which protects his resonant collar apparatus: a whole museum to himself.

After a copious meal we repaired to his mansion, and lo!